

Title: Treatise on Alchemy

Author: Felicia Hierophant

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The alchemical arts are notable for their deceptive simplicity. 'Tis true that to our best knowledge currently, there are but eight valid potions that can be made (though I emphasize that new discoveries may always await). However, the delicate balance of concocting the potions is difficult indeed, and requires great skill.

To give thee an example of the simpler potions that can be created by those well-versed in the subtleties of alchemy:

Black pearl, that rare substance that is oft found lying unannounced upon the surface of the ground, when properly crushed with mortar and pestle, can yield a fine powder. Said powder in the proper proportions when mixed via the alchemical arts can yield a wonderfully refreshing drink.

The revolting blood moss so gingerly scraped off of windowsills by fastidious housewives is but a tiny cousin to the wilder version, which when properly

prepared yields a magical liquid that for a time can make the imbiber a more agile and dextrous individual.

However, beware of the deadly nightshade, for it yields a deceptively sweet-tasting poison that can prove highly fatal to the drinker, and in fact is also used by assassins to coat their blades. Fortunately, this latter art of poisoning is little known!

There is much to reward the student of alchemy, indeed. The rumours of longtime alchemists losing their hair and acquiring an unhealthy pallor, not to mention unsightly blotches upon their once-fair skin, are unhappily, true. Yet the joys of the mind make up for the complete loss of interest that others may have in thee as an object of courtship, and I have never regretted that choice. Honestly, truly. Not once.